e Sunday Appeal.]

looked in your eyes—your deep, deep eyes. Where your heart's love glowed and shone, a the clear, sweet depths of their Aug Knelt down by their altar-stone.

How could I know that the night would come That the moon on the gilded spire Would find me sitting beside you, damb With watching the wild fox-fire?

You tasted my lips, so full, so red, Where the rich wine bubbled up-So like to the searlet bloom, you said. On the wild vine's crimson cup. flow could I tell that the dream would die. Like the gleam on the golden spire?

How could I know your love, then high. Would glimmer in white fox-fire? You kissed my hair-my long, fair hair, In the warmth of that August night; You said none other were half so fair. While my hands-you held them tight.

You did not know, nor could I see By the moan on the gilded spire, How black the bark and old the tre Where gleamed the bright fox-fire

You loved me then. Ah! you loved me then When my eyes held a deeper blue, With the wine on my crimson lip. Ah! whe I was life and the world to you. How could I think the bloom would fade In the warmth of your heart's desires; low remember that in the shade

Gleamed brighter the wild fox-fire? I look in your eyes, your deep, deep eyes In the clear sweet dopths of their August skie Kneel again by their altar-ston

I kneel by their altar-stone-but there The ashes are cold and white; I thread my hand thro' my tangled bair, Thinking, hoping that all is right. For the eyes you loved, the eyes you loved They cannot see you wrong.

And the lips you kissed, when to music m Sing always the old, sad song— How could you know that the night would That the moon on the gilded spire uld find me sitting beside you, dumb With watching the wild fox-fire?

J. VIBGISIA PRENCE

THE PAPER-KNIFE,

For the Sunday Appeal.] I read in silence; at my knee My neighbor's little girl had stood, Waiting, in patient trust, for me To tie her scarlet worsted hood. Her roving glances scauned the book That round in such disorder lay; Then roving hands, like roving looks Oh! what a funny knife." she said. And lifted, in her childish way, child's small silver table-knife. From 'mong the papers where it lay. She held it in her snowy hands. to like those kissed in other lands. When life was hung with rosy bands the turned it o'er, with curious look, She read the carven letters there: hen softly touched my open book, And with her fingers lithe and fair, She traced the name her eyes had seen, And these the childish words she said : ly mamma's knife is not like this, But all of pearl and snowy white. But this, like mine I use to spread My butter out upon my brend, efore I go up-stairs at night. It is a funny paper kuife; and who Was Lizzie?—that's the name that's b I do not think that I ever knew A Lizzie." Slow a glittering tear Fell from my downward-looking eyes. She started back in sad surprise; With quivering lip and upward gaze. She stood a moment in amaze Then clasped my neck and kissed my face She strained me in a close embrace 'I did not mean to hurt," she said;

A ROMANCE OF THE MIRAGE.

I know that little girl is dead.

The romances encountered in real life are dreadfully sketchy and incomplete. It is the best and most interesting funcfaculty of invention. The outline of a tale which I am going to fill in was given me by an official of the Telegraph Service as bay of Suez. A slight mirage lay beneath the glowing hills on the desert edge. I according to my experience. My com-panion's travels had not been so wide, though much more profitable. But duty had kept him stationed in many parts of the Egyptian desert, and he had witnessed such surprising illusions as eelipse all I ever saw or heard of. I suggested that a plain report of them, coming from an authoritative person like himself, would brought to credit that any experience of his might be worthy of record, but told me what follows. At one time he had charge of a station down the Red sea. It was lonely in the extremest sense of the word. He, two native clerks, and two servants were the only human bein hin a radius of unknown length. The Bedouins do not come that way, for there is not a well or a green herb for many miles around. Once a month a native vessel called to replenish the kegs and to bring forage for his horse and a pon, be longing to one of his cierks, Zohrab. I this supply did not arrive within ten days inted time, the standing order

and leave the place. They had a home of mirage. It displayed itself in every possible form, and in many which would be thought impossible. Often when they turned out, the desert was a lively seene. Fishing craft sailed in peleid rivers; sometimes a great merchant ship or a man-o' war appeared; villages stood out distinctly, camels and caravans These visions changed from day to day. Sometimes the fantastic became gro-tesque; animals and men walked solidly upsade down, ships sailed in comfort on their tracks. heir trucks. But one picture appeared always the same and very frequently. It flashed into sight directly behind the station. It was an ancient building of great size, castellated, with a broad ter race before its massive gateway. It did not glimmer into view, nor flicker in vanishing, but burst on the eye complete. was this phantom castle that the clerks knew each of its windows as familiarly cupied by horses and men, who presently make precise observations and note them down. Civilized men have seldom opportunity to watch a phenomenon of the kind which often recurs. That there

must be such is evident; several others less conspicuous and less interesting haunted Um el Jemal.

The gentlemen of whom I speak is not a fanciful person, and he had grave business to occupy his mind. The clerks enjoyed more leisure. They were young, and though an Oriental scarcely understands what it is to be bored, that attribute is not caused by lack of imaginais the control of the yatching this apparition than their superior could have found, since they anderstood much in it that would have

He looked up his maps and books, but gave no suggestion. There was actually no hint to guide conjecture. Um el Jemal lies on the Arabian shore of the Red sea, but the reflections in mirage came from every quarter. They wer ruled by certain laws, no doubt, immut able like all of nature's framing, but what they can be one is more puzzled to

ruess the longer one's experience of them. The real boats of which the saw a phantom, as it were, must be sailing on the west, or northwest, or south west, if not on all these points at once But they steed in the picture among tree nd villages and caravans which must be the substance of them, in directions ex-actly opposite; unless indeed they were thrown across the Red Sea and the Egyptian desert hundreds of miles from

is substance of them, in directions exact opposite; unless indeed they were better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would keep it; better than hunger which Zohrab had piace in the ranks, and would advance or retire as they got the piace in the ranks, and would advance or retire as they got the piace in the ranks, and would advance or retire as they got the piace in the control of the control of the piace in the control of the piace in the control sand through its spiky, brittle twigs. No

that Arab independence was proclaimed in Damaseus, and 50,000 Turks, including the Sultan and all his pashas, lost their heads. Though Zohrab was educated in Frank learning, he did not understand mercy to the Ottoman. His most cherished wedding present would have been the false Khalif's head. color there but grays and browns and dusty yellows; but now and again a bone gleamed white, and Zohrab's high-strung nerves regarded it with a prescient thrill. He was a Syrian of Beyrout, and Christian as has been said. I picture tall, lithe youth, small of bone but mus cular, with large eyes and a delicat mustache; in short, a hero after th mustaene; in short, a nero after in school-girl fancy when amiable and com-posed. An aesthetic barber would hav-onged for a model of Zohrab to exhibi in his shop window had he seen him in uch a mood. But if, in conversation omebody spoke well of the Turk, of lay down. Wakened in the moonlight by the shrill neigh of his horse, he saw a

some sony spoke well of the run, of alluded to the great days past and the present degradation of the Arab, this youth quivered and flamed like a war-horse tethered. An Arab of pure blood s curiously like his steed in peculiaritie little cavalcade approaching. In the desert one cannot hide and Zohrab lay still. The strangers drew up, looked at nervous expression. A constant iver of the nostrils, an unconse hrill of straining muscles, an instant promptitude to take fire, are character-istic of each. My portrait of Zohrab is but half fanciful, of course; in drawing it I have before my eye a score of models; among them, be it admitted with qualifihim, and dispersed to their camp duties. They were not Bedouins, for no camel lowed them. After attending to their horses they sat down to eat, but two armed men quietly stationed themselves beside Zohrab. The moon vanished, but in the circle, round a smouldering fire, torches were lit. He thought out the situation, rose like a man from sleep, and advanced with selections. eations, that grandest of all savages over met, the Sheikh 'Mteyer, who be rayed his trust and did to death poor almer and Gill and Charrington. But Zohrab was like what that old traitor had been in youth, it was in outward semblance only. The stories ne incessantly devised about the chantom castle and its indwellers made

ceeded, a frugal repast of bread and ric the Wahabis listened with grave poli ness. At the end all rose, with a love ejaculation to Allah. Zohrab rose also had so mixed the two threads of romance that they became one. From the very first he had employed himself in urging "Bind that spy!" the chief commanded In an instant Zohrab was stripped and the erew of the supply-ship to make i ed, thrown upon the earth and lef uiries in all quarters; had shown then the mirage, and a drawing of the castle with exhaustive notes, and offered a mod erate reward. The vessel hailed from Suf, a very small Arabian port, which The camp did not stir early. At th hour of morning prayer men released th vas the only channel of communicat

with the world. The Arabs were int ested, of course, in a matter which ha I know, to have refused, and the story should end at this point with a harrowing arrative of his martyrdom. But mero was not formed of martyr's stuf ion that would bear examination. He knelt and stood, folded his hands and spread them, touched the ground with his forchead, and so on. As nobody watched him closely, the performance did not cause suspicion. In the heat of the At length the Reis reported with death substantial news. A Bedoui alling at Suf, recognized the sketch at a lance. It represented El Husn, the norning they started, Zohrab in thi nidst. To his questions the Wahabis r fortress palace of Sheikh Abou 'l Nas (Father of Victory), which lies four day and the Sheikh Abou 'I Nasr? Ev Arab is familiar with these names. ab had heard them often, and he asked

particulars which any of the crew could "Lah-Ullah!" seldom completing the formula. And others would take it up aken part in the grand struggles which and Ibrahim Pasha, the Arnaout, been ess shrewd. After the collapse of that reat movement the Sheikh Abou I vast retired to the fortress with his hare of the spoils of Mecca, Medina, and hundred shrines plundered by the Vahabis. When Ibrahim was preparing were going to visit Sheik Abo I Nasr, you have no cause complaint. I will conduct you to him going to visit Sheik Abo one meant death. The next march rought them within view of El Husn follow thither, Mehemet Ali recalled im for graver work. Abou 'l Nasr with all his power. Suppose that this place, to visit which he had probably ted quite a while, maturing his plans and giving himself up to the study of magic, in which he was proficient beyond all men. When the Wahabis recovered heart he was ready, with sacrificed his life, were not the substant of his mirage dreams after all! So it a peared in truth, and his heart sickened In the quarter where El Husn lay, as th

are beyond counting, and supreme wisdom. All Arab people consulted him as an oracle of God. The Sheikh Abou I Nasr said, "Fight here! Remove that man! Keep quiet there!" and always when his command was followed, advanage ensued. He had ceased to be a Vahabi, smoking and drinking coffee, Two Arabs who had been lying on it enerally thought none the worse of him their hearts resenting his apostasy, dared not quarrel with their great ally. This detailed information stirred Zohrab to intense excitement. His daily thought ing. Atl went on together to the well, and nightly dream were of visiting the Sheikh and offering his sword for free overheard suggested that action was at dom-and Ferideh. If the patriot chief were as tolerant as rumor reluctantly de-

halt, the Wahabis rode in a straight tourse for the hills. The sun was high when they reached a narrow gorge, so deep and so abrupt that it lay in shadow almost cool while the crags glowed and burnt above. Massive clared, his creed would be no bar to ser vice. While Zohrab was working him self up to action, his resolve was precipitated by events. His superiors invited sungas, works of rough stone piled up, flanked the entrance, and at every point nce that they dispatched his success of vantage above the winding road such defenses were repeated. The Wahabis looked at them with interest, and the elthe same day, giving Zohrab a month to arrange his affairs. That decided him. When the new clerk arrived by steame he supply ship chanced to be in port ts return voyage carried this romant ous. Suddenly a valley opened, with palms and green specks of fields, and huts and black tents. At the further end,

8

"Easy enough, if you met no evilminded persons. You are acquainted with the Wahabi signs? No? Then it is madness to precede. Effond:"
"If you were told that, the Sheikh had abandoned his heres?"
"If of the second h

he heard familiar voices and raved in answer. The Turks watched him aux-iously as the dim light spread. Horrid experience warned them that this new-comer might do mischief before he grew used to starve. No one else heeded him,

Such, then, was to be his fate-death by hunger, with torment added! After a mood of helpless agony furious raving got hold upon him. The Turks gathered in a feeble heap to defend themselves.

an a feeble heap to defend themselves. At midnight, or near it, men came with lights. "The Sheikh summons you!" they said, and led them out. That calmed him. Quietly he followed across the moonlit courtyard, through dusky alcoves, to an inner room, where sat an old but vigorous chief, warrior and statesman every inch. He smiled, took the narguilleh from his lips, and told the slayes to go. stuation, rose like a man from sleep, and advanced with salaams. All cyed him gravely, but did not reply. He tried a Wahabi signal, which gained instant recognition. "Sal Khayr!" said the chief courteously, pionsly avoiding the name Allah. Zohrab sat beside this chief and the courteins here. They would not be held. Frightened, awe-struck by this revolt, Zohrab fell on he divan, without even kicking off his hoes. The Sheikh started in surprise The act told more than he had looked to hear. The stranger was a Christian and but without change of tone asked

how the fame of the great Arab ha reached him at Beyrout. But in the ound himself talking of home, of hi flighty sketch of his English superior.
The Sheikh smoked and listened pleasantly. He observed, "You do not mention your father. May his soul have "He was killed by the Turks!" Zohrab passionately shouted. "When people told me of Sheikh Abou. I Nasr. I said: He is my father and my lord! I will go

and fight the Turk with him! Oh, Sheikh, they starve me, and I could not get word with you! My blood is flame and my head a millstone with lightning Who told you the way hither?" "The Reis of ourster - boat. I showed your house and your image, and the Vahabis who came, and Ferideh-"You showed him?" began the Sheikh astonished. Who is Ferideh?" Your daughter! Oh, pardon me! don't know what I say!" He threw himself along the divan, hysterically

The Sheikh watched him thoughtfully then clapped his hands and ordered bread and wine. Zohrab kissed his garments in the Oriental manner, not practiced by this semi-Frank since childhood. He de-voured the small cake, and looked for more. "Drink!" the chief commanded, and he swallowed the measure in a gulp. "Now finish your tale, my son!" . My head is whirling! I do not "You have told me you are a Christian Beyrout, employed in the service of e Porte. You invoked certain powers Powers? You misunderstood, Sheikh,

'Nay, my son!" Then, looking fix-ly at Zohrab, and making strange igns, he spoke in an unknown tongue The youth felt a deeper thrill of alarm as the thought struck him that his mind n bewilderment. "What your power is know not, my son, but it is superior to "I swear I do not know what you refer , Sheikh!" the negroes appeared. "Throw this Turk over the cliff!" the Sheikh commanded; and in an instant Zohrab was overpowered and dragged out, yelling defiance and en-

treaties, through the archway to the moonlit platform. Lights gleamed at the windows, and heads appeared far above. Upon the very brink, Zohrab heard the Sheikh: "Tell the truth!" "By the God we both worship, I have "One-lift him on the parapet! Two-is feet! Throw his feet over. Well?" But Zohrab does not reply. He was looking to heaven with prayers.
"Father—father! not before our eyes cried a girl's voice above. And Zohrab saw a lovely face outlined in the moonbeams at a window.
"Lift him back! Put him in a room

Sheikh, who was poncering and an ing as usual.

"My father, you won the name of the Victorious in youth. Full of honors and renown, you may rest at ease, directing those who fight. But we are young! Give me the untried warriors in your three shells and let us go."

gained the country. The country will be so long as the Turkish dominion lasts, it had ceased to be war. Then, if the Sheikh were well advised by his agents or his familiar spirits, the peril of El Husn was nigh. In his letters he had not breathed a hint of the matter neares

corress regarded it with a prescient thrill. It was noon when he reached the termination of this stage. The pious soul who dug or restored a muddy, blessed puddle here had been commemorated by a Wley; but the Wahabis had passed that way, and after drinking had overthrown their benefactor's modest shrine for astiperstitious monument. Zohrab plunged into, the cvil-smelling pond, beside his horse. Then, after the meal, he lay upon the glowing sand to sleep. The evening chill roused him suddenly, and they set off again. The second stage was traversed safely, but with worse alarms, for Zohrab thought he had lost his way. He reached the well early, drank, at a and lay down. Wakened in the moonlight by not breathed a hint of the matter near to his heart. And the Sheikh, thou liberal in his ideas, would have thous liberal in his ideas, would have thought it shocking to mention a girl. One day pressing news arrived. The Turks were collecting an army to reduce the Wahabi stronghold of Wady Afre, as they gave out. But Abou I Nasr was assured that they purposed attacking him. On an advance by land nobody had counted. He had strong hopes of resisting successfully behind his desert barrier, but as a measure of precaution he sent his harem and valuables to Suf. Solemnly the old chief commended them to Allah and his friend. Two days afterward the caravan arrived. "You speak as if the cause would cer-tainly be defeated, Sheikh! Why do you

Two days afterward the caravan arrive espair?
"I do not despair, but I know. The ime is not revealed. We should hold ut more than a year in the South."
"Then we should hold out forever if ou took the field, Sheikh," said Zohrab a score of women and children, wi many camels loads of property. T men who guarded it returned, leavi out more than a year in the South."

"Then we should hold out forever if you took the field, Sheikh," said Zohrab timidly.

"No; I can command the Wahabis from a distance, but I cannot serve with them, nor they with me.

"I understand. But if you know that with such instruments victory is impossible, why employ them, Sheikh? I ask the foolish question of your wisdom."

"My son, the mason takes a rough tool to split the stone which he will cut and to see the ladies; among their dark eyes, still swollen with tears and alarm, he recognized Zireh's. But they did not look at him. Of all the weary months of Zohrab's exile it was the longest that followed this event. He did not once see the girl now sleeping under his roof, and the merest propriety forbade him to seek communication with her, had any means come to hand. The Sheikh reported alto split the stone which he will cut and fashion with tempered steel. There are old guns buried in Suf; the people will show them you. Fortify; mount them; will march thither with 2000 men.

Forgetting all else in a generous enthusiasm, Zohrab begged to be relieved, that Turks will not venture! And now," the Sheikh added, with pleasant significance, factor, but the refusal was peremptory. At the same time the Sheikh wrote to his head wife, Zirch's mother. She came answer in the same tone: "Aghile to the lieutenant, veiled and weeping, and put into his hand the letter she could not read. He pressed it to his lips igha dreams no more!"
The Sheikh smiled now. "Then let is look for Ferideh together with our eyes and brow and heart. The Sheikh en-joined upon his wife to obey Zohrab as she did himself and to love him as her son; for he, as Zireh's husband, should pen!"
Zohrab was transfixed. Such invitaens are not unknown in legend, or even n history; but those who give them are eckless debauchees, or despots above "You to be our son! You—a straighth who keeps here in safety while my los truggling for life!" So the fiery lame went on. Zohrab read all the like the air of a drunkard as of a mad-man. Zohrab still hesitated. sohs that the Sheikh was wise for out, would you not present your sisters o me? And, if I visited the Queen of children's sake. She would obey.

rangiston, would she not show me all be ladies of her realm? Are we Moslem For a whole week there was silence, couts dispatched did not return; the orward, "there are no Moslem like you?"
"Nay, you do not know! Very many carrison became demoralized, and every night there were desertions. Zohrab made his arrangements for the worst The Sheikh had supplied him with amplifunds. He chartered the store-ship perhaps to the time, but foolish now to cure the happiness of those they love! which no longer supplied Um el Jemal and equipped it for female passengers Then he loaded the treasure and baggage In speaking he led the way through bare stone passages, with massive doors at every turning, useful if the walls were carried by a rush of Bedouins, but valueless against a disciplined foe. They came and in a grant of the stone was the stone passage of the trusty veterans, and waited. At length two horsemen rode in with a brief letter. After two days fight, the Sheikh reported, the passes had been waited. At length two horsemen rode in with a brief letter. After two days fight, tout in a grated chamber, where girlish voices sounded close. Zohrab's heart column was pouring into the valley. Zohbeat wildly as he took place behind the Sheikh and looked. Five girls of differ-

Sheikh and looked. Five girls of different ages were seated on the ground, vociferously playing at some game. Younger children toddled about, and three
women sat languid in the shade. "Not
one son!" the Sheikh bitterly muttered,
but he recovered his good humor on the
instant. "Now, Zohrab Effendi, is Ferideh there?"

"Oh, yes, father. That is she—the
loveliest of all!"

The Sheikh langhed softly. "You The Sheikh laughed softly. "You of worthless plunder—each religiously must be more explicit to a parent. Which "Oh, you are mocking. She in the gold searf and blue trousers, with the snood of coins in her loose hair! See! she has fallen over, laughing! Her slipper has dropped off. What a lovely foot!

"That, Ferideh? Regard the others! They are older and more beautiful!"

"Not for me. Oh, Sheikh, our souls are one!"

"But it was not your Ferideh who called that night when you fancied yourself already dead!"

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"But it was not your ferideh who called that night when you fancied yourself already dead!"

"But it was not your ferideh who called that night when you fancied yourself already dead!" Oh, you are mocking. She in the gold desert; and as their number lessened

"She was not there or she was asleep!
Oh, father, you will not break your word!"

"No! Perhaps it is best. My little Zireh will not be impatient while her betrothed is absent in the wars. Then let hither and thither. If there were word in the sound is absent in the wars. us go."

"You are displeased. Believe me I would choose another if I could."

The Sheikh laughed so loud that his old walls re-echoed. "I see how impossible it is now you are awake, Aghile Agha. Take countert the shill is researched."

The Sheikh laughed so loud that his old walls re-echoed. "I see how impossible it is now you are awake, Aghile arms caught him fast. "Oh, save me, Aghile Agha! Save Agha. Take comfort; the child is yours when these troubles are past, and you reme! Save me!"
Zohrab looked. When love pleads with "Oh, my father! Will you tell her youth, honor which commands to refuse and die must be stronger than is found

"No; for Zirch is young, too young for trouble; and no man can tell his own fate or another's whon balls are flying. But you shall see her again the day you leave."

"Allah will be kind to you, Sheikh, who are so kind to men, When shall I go?"

"Allah will be kind to won, Sheikh, who are so kind to men, When shall I go?"

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